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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

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SCOTTISH DIALECT

BY

ROBERT BURNS

P O E M S

IN TWO VOLUMES

CHIEFLY IN THE

Entered in Stationers Hall.



EDINBURGH

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, LONDON

AND WILLIAM GREENE, EDINBURGH

MDCCLXXIII

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A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

VOL. II.

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MDCXCXVIII.

PROFESSOR

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT

SATURDAY NIGHT

IN TWO VOLUMES

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A NEW EDITION

THE SCOTTISH DIALECT

SCOTTISH DIALECT

I

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P O E M S.

CHIEFLY

S C O T T I S H.

THE

C O T T E R ' S

S A T U R D A Y N I G H T.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the Poor. GRAY.*

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected
friend !

No mercenary bard his homage pays ;

VOL. II.

A

With

With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
 praise :

To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What A***** in a Cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there,
 I ween !

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry fugh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their re-
 pose :
 The toil worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
 hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher
 through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an'
 glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *Wifie's*
 smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his
 toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new
gown,

Or deposite her fair-won penny fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship
be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for ither's weelfare kindly speirs :
The

The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd
 fleet ;

Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;
 The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.

The *Mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amais't as weel's the
 new ;

The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's an' their Mistress's command,
 The youngers-a' are warn'd to obey ;

An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' fight, to jauk or play ;
 ' An' O ! be sure to fear the LORD alway !

' An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an'
 ' night !

‘ Left in temptation’s path ye gang astray,
 ‘ Implore his counsel and assisting might ;
 ‘ They never fought in vain that fought the
 ‘ LORD aright.’

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o’er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame,
 The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny*’s e’e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his
 name,
 While *Jenny* haffins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas’d the Mother hears, it’s nae wild,
 worthless Rake.

VIII.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's
 eye ;

Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
 kye.

The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel be-
 have ;

The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
 grave ;

Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected
 like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! blifs beyond compare !

I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—
 ' If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure
 ' spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
 ' In others arms breathe out the tender
 ' tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 ' ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?

Is

Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their
Child?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild !

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple
board,
The healfome *Parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's*
food :
The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her
cood :
The Dame brings forth in complimental
mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-
buck, fell,

An'

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, fin' Lint was
 i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' Supper done, wi' ferious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And '*Let us worship God !*' he says, with so-
 lemn air.

XIII.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
aim :

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *Friend of God* on high ;
Or,

Or, *Moses* bad eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek*'s ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
 ire ;
 Or *Job*'s pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiab*'s wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was
 shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heav'n the second
 name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay his
 head :
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd
 by Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL
 KING,
 The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband*,
 prays:
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant
 wing*,
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together.

* Pope's Windfor Forest.

Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling Time moves round in an eter-
 nal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this how poor Religion's
 pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !
 The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd the language of the
 Soul ;
 And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor en-
 roll.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling Cottagers retire to rest :
 The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine*
 preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old *Scotia's* grandeur
 springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd
 abroad :

Princes

Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
‘ An honest man’s the noblest work of God:’
And, *certes*, in fair Virtue’s heav’nly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind ;
What is a lordling’s pomp ! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin’d !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heav’n is
sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content !
And, O ! may Heav’n, their simple lives pre-
vent
From *Luxury*’s contagion, weak and vile !

Then

Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-
 lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted
 heart ;
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The Patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert ;
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her Ornament and
 Guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

^
D I R G E.

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blast

Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand' red forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou !

Began the rev'rend Sage ;

Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Or youthful Pleasure's rage ?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,

Too soon thou hast began

To wander forth, with me, to mourn

The miseries of man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,

Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling's pride ;

I've seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ;

And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate Follies take the sway ;
Licentious Passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.

But

But see him on the edge of life,
With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest:
But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !

But

B 3

More

More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse, and Shame!
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*,
The poor Petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,

Why

Why was an independent with
E'er' planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!

**Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, Oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !**

P R A Y E R,

IN THE

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

II.

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,

Do

((27))

Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good* ; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

Do

S T A N Z A S

ON THE

S A M E O C C A S I O N .

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene !

Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-
tween :

Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing
storms :

Is

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul offence !'

Fain promise never more to disobey ;
But, should my Author health-again-dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way ;
Again in Folly's path might go astray ;

Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;
Then how should I for Heav'nly Mercy pray,

Who act so counter Heav'nly Mercy's
plan ?

Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to tempta-
tion ran ?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below !

If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,

Thy

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong, furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

Lying

*Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night,
the Author left the following Verses in the
room where he slept:—*

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above !

I know Thou wilt me hear :

When for this scene of peace and love,

I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare ;
To blefs his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O blefs her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;

Blefs

Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps away.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

Vol. II.

C

THE

Bless

THE

FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of Scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God,

That

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

P R A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being ! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distressed ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine !

THE
FIRST SIX VERSES
OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right-hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before

Before the mountains heav'd their heads

Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,

Arose at Thy command ;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds

This univerfal frame,

From countless, unbeginning time

Was ever still the same.

L M.

Those mighty periods of years

Which seem to us so vast,

Appear no more before Thy fight

Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,

Is to existence brought ;

Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,

' Return ye into nought !'

Before

(40)

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

(41)

TO A
MOUNTAIN DAISY,

*On turning one down, with the Plough, in
April 1786.*

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,

Thou's met me in an evil hour;

For I maun crush amang the stoure

Thy slender stem.

To spare thee now is past my pow'r,

Thou bonnie gem.

Alas !

Alas ! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the hiftie *sibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There,

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head

In humble guise ;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !

By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !

Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er !

Such

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n

To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

TO

R U I N.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !

At whose destruction breathing word,

The mightiest empires fall !

Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,

The ministers of Grief and Pain,

A fullen welcome, all !

With

With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my *dearest* tye,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *Storm* no more I dread ;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
 While Life a *pleasure* can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
 No more I shrink appal'd, afraid ;
 court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign Life's *joyless* day ;
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay ;

No

(47)

No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace !

(48)

M I S S L—.

*With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-year's
Gift. Jan. 1. 1787.*

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;

I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps too true ;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

VOL. II.

D

EPISTLE

(50)

EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May — 1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento* ;

But

But how the subject theme may gang;

Let time and chance determine ;

Perhaps, it may turn out a Sang ;

Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,

And *Andrew* dear, believe me,

Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,

And muckle they may grieve ye :

For care and trouble set your thought,

Ev'n when your end's attained ;

And a' your views may come to nought,

Where ev'ry nerve is strained:

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;

The real, harden'd wicked,

But

D 2

Wha

Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked :
But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we would na censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer :
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;

But

But still keep something to yoursel

Ye scarcely tell to ony.

Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can

Frae critical dissection ;

But keek thro' ev'ry other man,

Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,

Luxuriantly indulge it ;

But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,

Tho' naething should divulge it :

I wave the quantum of the fin,

The hazard of concealing ;

But Och ! it hardens a' within,

And petrifies the feeling !

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,

Affiduous wait upon her ;

But

D 3

And

And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justify'd by Honor :
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
 Let that ay be your border :
 It's flightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' fide pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must sure become the *creature* ;

But

But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature ;
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded ;
But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,
A Conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting !

D 4

May

May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser ;
And may ye better reck the *rede*,
Than ever did th' Adviser,

ON A

S C O T C H B A R D,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' Ye wha live by fowps o' drink,

A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,

A' ye wha live and never think,

Come mourn wi' me !

Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,

An' owre the Sea.

Lament

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the *merry* roar,
In facial key ;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea !

The bonnie lassies weel may wifs him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him :
The widows, wives, an' a' may blefs him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
For weel I wat they'll fairly misf him
That's owre the Sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea ;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the Sea !

Auld,

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear ;
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee :
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea !

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be !
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a *bammock*,
An' owre the Sea:

He

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under biding* ;

He dealt it free :
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel :
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee :
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie* !
Your native foil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie !
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea !

(61)

TO A

H A G G I S.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonfie face,
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill

In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready flight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright

Like onie ditch ;
And then, O what a glorious fight,
Warm-reekin, rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve

Are bent like drums ;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassée* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner !

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit ;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit !

But mark the Rustic, *baggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whisle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrifls.

Ye

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis* !

(65)

▲

D E D I C A T I O N.

TO

G***** H*****, Esq.

▲
EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
▲ fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,

VOL. II.

E

Because

Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*,
 Perhaps related to the race ;
 Then when I'm tir'd—and fae are *ye*
 Wi' mony a fulsome, finfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou ;
 For me ! fae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough* ;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg* ;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 Its just *sic Poet*, an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him !
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What aince he says he winna break it ;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 The *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :

Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth, and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the Rake that taks the *door* ;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone :

Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile
graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own ;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *G-lv-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath ;
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him :

E 3

While

While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my *Dedication* ;
 But when Divinity comes cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever——
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say :

For

For prayin I hae little skill o't;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
 But I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk*!
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
 ' May K*****'s far-honoured name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ' Till H*****s, at least a dizen,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labours risen;
 ' Five bonnie Lasses round their table,
 ' And seven braw Fellows, stout an' able,
 ' To serve their King and Country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
 ' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;

E 4

' Till

‘ Till his wee, curlie *John*’s ier-oe,
‘ When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
‘ The last, fad, mournful rites bestow.’ }

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi’ complimentary effusion :
But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
Are blest with Fortune’s smiles and favours,
I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow’rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
Attended in his grim advances,
By fad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more ;
For who would humbly serve the Poor !

But,

But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my *Master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand,—my *Friend and Bro-*
ther !

(74)

TO A

L O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !

Your impudence protects you fairly :

I canna say but ye strut rarely,

Owre gauze and lace ;

Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely

On sic a place.

Ye

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' finner,
How dare ye fet your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady !
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations ;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' fight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight ;
Na, faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet ;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red fmeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad drefs your droddum !

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy ;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat ;
But Mifs's fine *Lunardi* ! fie,
How daur ye do't !

O, *Jenny*, dinna tofs your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad !
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin !
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin !

(77)

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us !

It wad frae monie a blunder free us

And foolish notion :

What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !

ADDRESS

(78)

A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I.

EDINA ! *Scotia's* darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !

From

From marking wildly-scatt'ed flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And fing'ring, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise ;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, focial, kind,
With open arms the Stranger hail ;
Their

Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale ;
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim :
And never may their sources fail !
And never envy blot their name !

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude Fortrefs gleams afar ;
Like

Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a foamy scar :
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock ;
Have oft withstood affailing War,
And oft repell'd the Invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately Dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
Their royal Name low in the dust !
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam !
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,

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F

Thro'

Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody Lion bore :
Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, *my Sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your Fathers led !

VIII.

Edina ! Scotia's darling feat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

EPISTLE

(83)

E P I S T L E

TO

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1. 1785.

W HILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Paitricks sraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning Pouffie whiddin seen,

Inspire my Muse,

F 2

This

This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin ;
And there was muckle fun an jokin,
Ye need na doubt ;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang* about.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife :
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd fae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,

' Or

‘ Or Beattie’s wark !’

They tald me ’twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear’t,
And fae about him there I spier’t,
Then a’ that ken’t him round declar’d,
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell’d it, few cam near’t,
It was fae fine.

That fet him to a pint of ale,
An’ either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an’ fangs he’d made himsel,
Or witty catches,
’Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an’ swoor an aith,
Tho’ I should pawn my pleugh and graith,

Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amairt as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, ‘ How can you e’er propose,
‘ You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
‘ To mak a *sang*?’
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye’re maybe wrang

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools ;
If honest nature made you *fools*,
What fairs your Grammars ?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A fet o' dull, conceited Hafhes,
 Confufe their brains in College claffes !
 They *gang* in Stirks, and *come out* Affes,
 Plain truth to fpeak ;
 An' fyne they think to climb Parnaffus
 By dint o' Greek !

F 4

Gie

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spark o' *Allan's* glee,
Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld and flee,
Or bright *L*****k's*, my friend to be,
If I can hit it !
That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'fe no infist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel ;
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
But friends and folks that wifh me well,
They sometimes roose me ;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair ;
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* Race, or *Mauchline* Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there ;
We'fe gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The

(90)

The four gill chap, we've gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water ;
Syne we'll fit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart ;
An' faith, we've be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sence, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-plank* !
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack,

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
' Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers !

But,

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grifsle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fisle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either fing, or whifsle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21. 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld L*****k,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten hours bite,
My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs,
 I wou'd na write.

The tapetlefs ramfeeze'd hizzie,
She's faft at beft, and fomething lazy,
Quo' she, ' Ye ken, we've been fae bufy,
 ' This month an' mair,
' That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
 ' An' fomething fair.'

Her dowff excufes pat me mad ;
' Confcience,' fays I, ' ye thowlefs jad !
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 ' This vera night ;
' So dinna ye affront your trade,
 ' But rhyme it right.
 ' Shall

‘ Shall bauld L*****k, the king o’ hearts,
‘ Tho’ mankind were a pack o’ cartes,
‘ Roose you fae weel for your deserts,
‘ In terms fae friendly,
‘ Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts,
‘ An’ thank him kindly!’

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An’ down gaed *stumpie* in the ink :
Quoth I, ‘ Before I sleep a wink,
‘ I vow I’ll close it ;
‘ An’ if ye winna mak it clink,
‘ By Jove I’ll prose it !’

Sae I’ve begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that’s rightly neither,
Let time mak proof ;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
Wi' gleesome touch !
Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp* ;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow !

Now comes the fax an' twentieth fimmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year ;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent;
And muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A *Bailie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffl'd fark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
' Gie me o' wit an' sence a lift,
' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
' Thro' Scotland wide;
' Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
' In a' their pride !'

Were

Were this the *charter* of our state,
' On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead ;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
' The social, friendly, honest man,
' Whate'er he be,
' 'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
' An' none but *he* !

O Mandate glorious and divine !
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While fordid sons of Mammoth's line
Are dark as night.

VOL. II.

G

Tho'

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a foul
May in some *future carcase* howl,
The forest's fright ;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *L*****k* and *B****** arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year !

(99)

TO

W. S*****N, *Ochiltree.*

May 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie* ;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be filly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

G 2

But

But I've believe ye kindly meant it,
I fud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie fatire, fidelins sklented
On my poor Musie ;
Tho' in sic phraifin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame ;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson*! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunfane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry !)
Yet

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my deed,
 (O fad disease !)
I kittle up my *rustic reed* ;
 It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanter's winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd stile ;
She lay like some unkend-of ills
 Beside *New-Holland*,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Tarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
Naebody fings.

Th' *Illiffus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line !
But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At

At *Wallace*' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace*' fide,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O sweet are *Coila*'s haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shew an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang ;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-fhouter, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature*'s face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.
Fareweel,

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing brither !'
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal :
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes !
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies ;
While Terra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My memory's no worth a preen ;
I had amaist forgotten clean,

Ye

Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new-light* *,
'Bout which our *berds* sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
Juft like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new one.

This

* See note, p. 91.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chieles gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang ;
An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

Some *berds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' fight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
The *berds* an' *biffels* were alarm'd :
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.
Frac

Frae lefs to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt ;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt;

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cove,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
Till now amais't on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin ;
Their zealous *berds* are vex'd an' sweatin ;
Myfel, I've even seen them greetin

Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the *Moon* fae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns !
Some *auld-light berds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca *balloons*,
To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;
An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch !
Sae,

(110)

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind fic brulzie.

EPISTLE

(III)

E P I S T L E

TO

J. R * * * * *

Inclosing some Poems.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin !
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams* * an' tricks
Will fend you, Korah-like, a-finkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.
Ye

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Ye hae fae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
An' fill them fou ;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
Spare't for their fakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in *black* ;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
Its just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen
Like you or I.

I've

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair ;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon *Sang* * ye'll fen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
An' danc'd my fill ;
I'd better gaen an' fair'd the King,
At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a rowing wi' the gun,
An' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
A bonnie hen,

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H

And,

* A *song* he had promised the Author.

And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;
I strakit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
But, Deil-ma-care !
Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot ;
I scorn'd to lie ;
So gat the whifsle o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,

An'

An' by my hen, an' by her tail,

I vow an' fwear !

The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,

For this, nieft year.

As foon's the clockin-time is by,

An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

L—d, I'fe hae sportin by an' by,

For my gowd guinea :

Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye

For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !

'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,

But twa-three draps about the wame

Scarce thro' the feathers ;

An' baith a yellow George to claim,

An' thole their blethers !

(116)

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient ;
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

JOHN

JOHN BARLEYCORN*,

A

B A L L A D.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,

Three kings both great and high,

An' they hae sworn a solemn oath

John Barleycorn should die.

H 3

II.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

II.

They took a plough and plow'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a folemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And shew'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And fore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The fultry funs of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,

His

His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;

H 4

Then

Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full fore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,

And

And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They tofs'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wafsted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprife,

For

For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A

FRAGMENT.

Tune, CILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guilford* good our Pilot stood,

An' did our hellim thraw, man ;

Ae night, at tea, began a plea,

Within *America*, man :

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,

And in the sea did jaw, man ;

An' did nae lefs, in full Congress,

Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na flaw, man ;
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man :
But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery like did fa', man,
Wi' fword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man ;
Till *Willie H--e* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man :
Wi' fword an' gun he thought a fin
. Guid Christian blood to draw, man ;

But

But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till *Frazer* brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And *S-ckv-ll-e* doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man :

For

For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
Nae'mercy had at a', man ;
An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ingh-m* took up the game ;
Till Death did on him ca', man ;
When *Sb-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Gospel law, man :
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures, thraw, man,
For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man,

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,

Till

Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race

Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :

The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,

On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man ;

An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,

' Up, Willie, waur them a' man !'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone,

A secet word or twa, man ;

While flee *D-nd-s* arous'd the clafs

Be-north the Roman wa', man :

An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heavenly graith,

(Inspired Bardies faw, man)

Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !

' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rth F-x and Co*,

Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,

Till

Till *Suthron* raife, and cooft their claife
Behind him in a raw, man :
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man :
An' fwoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

SONG

S O N G.

Tune, *Corn rigs are bonnie.*

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie :
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early ;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

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I

II.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kifs'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly !

She

She ay shall blefs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinkin ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinking :
But a' the pleafures e'er I faw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

C H O R U S.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

(132)

S O N G.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune,—*I had a borfe, I had nae mair.*

I.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
The Moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at
night,
To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The Plover loves the mountains ;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring Hern the fountains :
Thro' lofty groves the Cuckoo roves
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;

The Sportfman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladfome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly ;

Not

(135)

Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,

Not Autumn to the Farmer,

So dear can be as thou to me,

My fair, my lovely Charmer !

I 4

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*My Nanie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry fun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The weftlin wind blaws loud an' shill ;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;

But

But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will fen' me, O ;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A

FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O ;
Green grow the rashes, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent among the lasses, O.*

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

II.

The warly race may riches chafe,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapfalteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you fae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :

The

(142)

The wisest Man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature fwears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Jockey's Grey Brecks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S*.

*And maun I still on Menie † doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

And maun I still, &c.

III.

* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's,

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie Seedfman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic fwims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daify's fide,
And mounts and fings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree ;
Thy gloom will foothe my chearless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me !

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e !
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.*

K 2

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Roslin Castle.*

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The Hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'ered coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the furling billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;

K 3

These

These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonnie banks of *Ayr*!

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Gilderoy.*

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,

And from my native shore :

The cruel fates between us throw

A boundless ocean's roar :

But boundless oceans, roaring wide,

Between my Love and me,

They never, never can divide

My heart and soul from thee :

K 4

II.

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore !
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more !
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh !

THE

THE
FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE,
TARBOLTON.

Tune,—*Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !

Dear brothers of the *mystic tye* !

Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy !

Tho'

(154)

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's flidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

THE WEAVER
II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the chearful, festive night ;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *Sons of light* :
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw !
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand Design*,

Beneath,

Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious *Architect* Divine !
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And *You* farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that *biggest badge* to wear !
Heav'n blest your honour'd, noble Name,
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, the *Bard that's far awa'*.

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the ta-
vern let's fly, &c.*

I.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to
write,

No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my
care,

II.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are
here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and
care.

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his
horse ;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his
purse ;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the
air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
But the purfy old landlord just waddled up
stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

‘ Life’s cares they are comforts * ’—a maxim
laid down

By

* Young’s Night Thoughts.

By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore
the black gown ;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
May every true brother of th' Compass and
Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harafs'd with
care.

WRITTEN

((160))

WRITTEN

IN

**FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITH-SIDE.**

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in ruffet weed,
Be thou deckt in filken stole,
Grave these counfels on thy foul.

Life

Li
Spru
Hop
Fear

As
Bene
Plea
May
Let
The

As
Life
Doft
Life
Che
Evil

V

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her firen air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :

(160)

WRITTEN

IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in ruffet weed,
Be thou deckt in filken stole,
Grave these counfels on thy soul.

Life

Lif
Sprun
Hope
Fear

As
Benē
Plea
May
Let I
Ther

As
Life'
Doft
Life'
Chec
Evils

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Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :

Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While chearful Peace, with linnet song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
 There ruminate with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
 And teach the sportive younkers round,
 Saws of experience, sage and found.
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not, art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 Did many talents gild thy span ?
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee one ?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,

The

The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till Future Life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

}

Stranger, go ! Heav'n be thy guide !
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

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O D E,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MRS — OF —.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark !
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,

Noosing

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Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

L 3

ANTISTROPHE.

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither
bends?

No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam* Mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,

While

(167)

While down the wretched *vital part* is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience
clear
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

L 4

ELEGY

E L E G Y

ON

CAPT. M—— H——.

A Gentleman who held the Patent for his Honours immediately from Almighty God !

*But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright ;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heav'nly Light !*

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
The meikle devil wi' a woodie

Haur!

Haur! thee hame to his black fmiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld fides !

He's gane, he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born !
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
Ye cliffs, the haunts of failing years,
Where Echo slumbers !
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens !

Ye

Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee ;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs ;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry graffy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn,

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye groufs that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
Ye whistling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood ;
He's gane for ever !

Mourn, footy coots, and speckled teals ;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his fake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' filent glowr,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn !

O, rivers, forrefts, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :

Thou,

Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost !

Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light !
Mourn, Empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling stars bright,
My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O,

O, H***** ! the man ! the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever !
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound !
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around !

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger ! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit haſt,
Yet ſpurn'd at Fortune's door, man ;
A look of pity hither caſt,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble ſodger art,
That paſſeſt by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart ;
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canſt throw uncommon light, man ;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praiſe,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendſhip's ſacred ca'
Wad life itſelf reſign, man ;
Thy ſympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man.

If

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If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and fire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT

(177)

L A M E N T

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE

APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daifies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :

VOL. II.

M

Now

Now Phoebus chears the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the flae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;

But

But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prision strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly rafe I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sifter and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was néver known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My fon ! my fon ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine :
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'ft thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O! foon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO

R***** G***** OF F***** , Esq.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg ;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest) ;
Will generous G***** lift to his Poet's wail ?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkning to her
tale),

M 3

And

And hear him curse the light he first survey'd
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign ;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the
ground :

Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his
cell —

Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure ;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their
drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are
snug.

Ev'n

Ev'n filly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and
darts.

But Oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the
Bard !

A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
No claws to dig, his hated fight to shun ;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side :
Vampyre bookfellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockhead's daring into madness stung ;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must
wear :

Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life.
'Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once in-
spir'd,

Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Cri-
tic's rage !

So,

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed de-
ceas'd.

For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up :
Conscious the bounteous meed they well de-
serve,
They only wonder " some folks " do not starve.
The grave sage hen thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's
care."

So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck
brain ;

In equanimity they never dwell,
But turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell,

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
O ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !
F*****, my other stay, long bless and spare !
Thro'

Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown ;
And bright in cloudless skies his son go down !
May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path ;
Give energy to life ; and soothe his latest
breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of
death !

LAMENT

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LAMENT

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely taen.

He

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with
years ;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful fang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
" The reliques of the vernal quire !
" Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
" The honours of the aged year !
" A few short months, and glad and gay,
" Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
" But nocht in all revolving time
" Can gladness bring again to me.

" I

" I am a bending aged tree,
" That long has stood the wind and rain;
" But now has come a cruel blaft,
" And my last hold of earth is gane :
" Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
" Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
" But I maun lie before the storm,
" And ithers plant them in my room.

" I've seen fae mony changefu' years,
" On earth I am a stranger grown ;
" I wander in the ways of men,
" Alike unknowing and unknown :
" Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
" I bear alane my lade o' care,
" For filent, low, on beds of dust,
" Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

" And

" And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)

" My noble master lies in clay ;

" The flow'r amang our barons bold,

" His country's pride, his country's stay :

" In weary being now I pine,

" For a' the life of life is dead,

" And hope has left my aged ken,

" On forward wing for ever fled.

" Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !

" The voice of woe and wild despair !

" Awake, resound thy latest lay,

" Then sleep in silence evermair !

" And thou, my last, best, only friend,

" That fillest an untimely tomb,

" Accept this tribute from the Bard

" Thou brought from fortune's mirkest

" gloom.

" In

“ In Poverty’s low barren vale,
“ Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round;
“ Though oft I turn’d the wistful eye,
“ Nae ray of fame was to be found :
“ Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
“ That melts the fogs in limpid air,
“ The friendless Bard and rustic song,
“ Became alike thy fostering care.

“ O ! why has worth so short a date ?
“ While villains ripen grey with time !
“ Must thou, the noble, gen’rous, great,
“ Fall in bold manhood’s hardy prime !
“ Why did I live to see that day ?
“ A day to me so full of woe ?
“ O ! had I met the mortal shaft
“ Which laid my benefactor low !

“ The

" The bridegroom may forget the bride,
" Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
" The monarch may forget the crown
" That on his head an hour has been ;
" The mother may forget the child
" That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
" But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
" An a' that thou haft done for me !"

L I N E S,

Sent to Sir JOHN WHITEFORD of WHITEFORD,
Baronet, with the foregoing Poem.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'ft,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly
fear'ft,
To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *Friend* thou valued'ft, I, the *Patron*, lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approy'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world
unknown.

TAM

(195)

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit boufing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,

K 2

We

We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, flaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare fits our fulky fullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O *Tam* ! hadst thou but been fae wife,
As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober ;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou fat as lang as thou had filler ;

That

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counfels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming fwats, that drank divinely ;
 And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither,
 The night drave on wi' sangs an clatter ;
 And ay the ale was growing better :
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
 The Souter tauld his queereft stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to fee a man fae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure ;
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;

Or

Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white——then melts for ever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he tacks the road in,
 As ne'er poor finner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its laft ;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darknefs swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mountèd on his grey mare, *Meg*,
 A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Left bogles catch him unawares :
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd herfel.—

Before

Before him *Doon* pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll :
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud refounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—
 The swats fae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But *Maggie* stood right fair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And, vow ! *Tam* saw an unco fight !

Warlocks

Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels,
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round, like open pressies,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dreeses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip flight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
 By which heroic *Tam* was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;

Five

Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;
Five scymitars, wi' murder cruisted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled,
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stak to the heft ;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her fark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens,

Their

Their fark, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen !
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what-fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore ;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear),

Her

Her cutty fark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah ! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That fark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A fouple jade she was and strang),
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :
 Till first ae caper, fyne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,

And

And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-fark !"
And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds affail their byke ;
As open puffie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam* ! Ah, *Tam* ! thou'll get thy fairin !
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !

Now,

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * of the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross,
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist the Maggie's mettle——
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail :
 The carlin clought her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now,

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-farks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP
BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST
SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye ;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor never pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains :
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted
rest,

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy
head,

The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait

The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,

I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,

And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy
hapless fate.

ADDRESS

A D D R E S S,

To the SHADE of THOMSON, on crowning
his BUST, at *Ednam, Roxburghshire*, with
BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And fees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

EPITAPHS.

EPI TAPH S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Sowter **** in Death does sleep ;
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lies Jamie's banes :
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnnie !
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *faul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and at-
tend !
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
The

The pitying heart that felt for human Woe ;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human
Pride ;
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;
“ For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's
“ fide*.”

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

O'4

FOR

* Goldsmith.

FOR G. H. Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd :
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *fav'd* or d——d !

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,

O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave ;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame*
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader,

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*,
Is Wisdom's root.

ON THE

Late Captain GROSE'S PERIGRINATIONS thro'
SCOTLAND, collecting the ANTIQUITIES of
that KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats ;—
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it :
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,

O'

O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow ! he has an uncō flight,
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin *,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's ! colleaguin
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches ;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

It's

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

It's tauld he was a fodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the——*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets :
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets *,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude ;
And parritch-pats, and auld faut-buckets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-fhool and fender ;
That

* Vide his treatise on ancient armour and weapons.

That which disting,ished the gender

O' Balaam's as;

A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,

Weel shod wi' brads.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg

The cut of Adam's philibeg ;

The knife that nicket Abel's craig

He'll prove you fully,

It was a faulding jocteleg,

Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,

For meikle glee and fun has he,

Then set him down, and twa or three

Gude fellows wi' him ;

And *port*, *O port* ! shine thou a wee,

And then ye'll see him !

Now,

Now, by the Pow'rs o' Verse and Prose !

Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose !—

Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,

They fair misca' thee ;

I'd take the rascal by the nose,

Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

TO

Now, by the Bow's of Verse and Prose!

I hold not a dainty child, O Gode! —

Whence of thee shall I suppose,

They fair miss, thee;

Miss C*****, a *very young Lady*.

Written on a blank leaf of a Book, presented
to her by the Author.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'ft thou, lovely Flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r !
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights !

Never

Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to Parent Earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

S O N G.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care ;
But ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n ;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heav'n.

On

On reading, in a NEWSPAPER, the DEATH
of J—— M'L——, ESQ. BROTHER to a
YOUNG LADY, a particular FRIEND of the
AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms :
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Ifabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung :
So Ifabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Ifabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

THE
HUMBLE PETITION
OF
B R U A R W A T E R *
TO THE
NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er affails in vain ;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,

P 3

How

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

How faucy Phoebus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B**** came by,
That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry :
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me ;

But,

But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin penfive Autumn chear,
In all her locks of yellow :

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
From prone-descending show'rs.

And

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care :
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let

Let lofty firs, and athes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed :
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, Old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band
Spring, like their father's, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glaffes,
The grace be——“ Athole's honest men,
“ And Athole's bonnie lassies !”

On

On scaring some WATER-FOWL in LOCH-
TURIT, a wild scene among the HILLS of
OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;

Or,

Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.
But, Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane——
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

Written

Written with a PENCIL over the CHIMNEY-
PIECE, in the PARLOUR of the INN at KEN-
MORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen di-
vides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample
fides;

Th'

Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the
hills,

The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;

The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,

The palace rising on his verdant side ;

The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native
taste ;

The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;

The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;

The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,

Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell :

The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;

Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling
floods—

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught
lyre,

And look through Nature with creative fire ;

Here,

Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander
 wild ;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds :
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward
 stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

Written

Written with a PENCIL, standing by the FALL
of FYERS, near LOCH-NESS.

* * * * *

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream
refounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet de-
scends,

And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.

Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
show'rs,

The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils—

* * * * *

On

**On the BIRTH of a POSTHUMOUS CHILD,
born in peculiar Circumstances of FAMILY-
DISTRESS.**

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form ;
And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May HE who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw.

May HE, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various founds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn :
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

THE
W H I S T L E.

A
B A L L A D.

As the authentic *Prose* history of the WHISTLE is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little

Q 3

ebony

ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table ; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory.—The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany ; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name ; who, after three days and three nights, hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, “ And “ blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.”

Sir

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq; of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq; of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,

Q4

Was

Was brought to the court of our good Scottish
king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall
ring,

Old Loda *, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his
hall—

“ This Whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland
“ get o’er,

“ And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne’er see
“ me more !”

Old poets have fung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions
fell ;

The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till

* See Offian’s Caric-thura.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the
Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in
war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the
sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has
gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his
blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear
of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and
law;

And

And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old
coins ;

And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old
wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth
as oil,

Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;

Or else he would muster the heads of the
clan,

And once more, in claret, try which was the
man.

“ By the gods of the ancients !” Glenriddel
replies,

“ Before I surrender so glorious a prize,

“ I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie

“ More *,

“ And bumper his horn with him twenty times

“ o'er.”

Sir

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides,

Sir Robert, a foldier, no speech would pre-
tend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or
his friend,
Said, tofs down the Whistle, the prize of the
field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd
yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes re-
pair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more known
to fame,
Than the sence, wit, and taste of a sweet love-
ly dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;

A

A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had
been.

The dinner being over, the claret they
ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of
joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so
set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more
they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a
core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite
forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next
morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the
night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the
fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of
red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ances-
tor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and
sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would
wage ;
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less di-
vine.

The

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the
end ;

But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers
contend ?

Though Fate said,—a hero should perish in
light ;

So uprose bright Phoebus—and down fell the
knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in
drink :—

“ Craigdarroch, thou’lt soar when creation
“ shall sink !

“ But if thou would flourish immortal in
“ rhyme,

“ Come—one bottle more—and have at the
“ sublime !

“ Thy

" Thy line, that have struggled for freedom

" with Bruce,

" Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :

" So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;

" The field thou hast won, by yon bright god

" of day !"

GLOSSARY.

155
They have struggled for freedom

With Rome

Small herds and patriots ever produce

So shine be the laurel and mine be the bay

The field then half won by your bright day

156 day 15

CLOSARY



G L O S S A R Y.

VOL. II.

R

GLOSSARY

THE *eo* and *ye* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *eo* is commonly spelled *ea*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *uo* or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *real*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* in *maison*. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

- A**, all
 A back, away, aloof
 A beigh, at a shy distance
 Aft, off, *Aff* lost, unperme-
 directed
 Ae, one
 A broad, abroad, in sight
 Aboon, above, up
 R 2

G L O S S A R Y.

THE *cb* and *gb* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

<p>A, all</p> <p>Aback, away, aloof</p> <p>Abeigh, at a shy distance</p>	<p>Aboon, above, up</p> <p>Abread, abroad, in sight</p> <p>Ae, one</p> <p>Aff, off; <i>Aff loof</i>, unpremeditated</p>
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R 2

Afore,

Afore, before
 Aft, oft
 Aften, often
 Agley, off the right line,
 wrong
 Aiblins, perhaps
 Ain, own
 Airn, iron
 Aith, an oath
 Aits, oats
 Aiver, an old horse
 Aizle, a hot cinder
 Akwart, aukward
 Alake, alas
 Alane, alone
 Amaist, almost
 Amang, among
 An', and, if
 Ance, once
 Ane, one, an
 Anither, another
 Artfu', artful
 Ase, ashes
 Asteer, abroad, stirring
 Aught, eight, possession, as
 in a' my aught, in all my
 possession
 Auld, old
 Auld farran, or auld far-
 rant, sagacious, cunning,
 prudent
 Ava', at all
 Awa', away
 Awfu', awful

Awn, the beard of barley,
 oats, &c.
 Awnie, bearded
 Ayont, beyond.

B

BA', ball
 Backlins coming, co-
 ming back, returning
 Bad, did bid
 Bade, endured, did slay
 Baggie, the belly
 Bainie, having large bones,
 stout
 Bairn, a child
 Bairntime, a family of chil-
 dren, a brood
 Baith, both
 Bane, bone
 Bang, an effort
 Bardie, *diminutive* of bard
 Barefit, barefooted
 Barket, barked
 Barkin, barking
 Barmie, of, or like barm
 Bashfu', bashful
 Batch, a crew, a gang
 Batts, botts
 Baudrons, a cat
 Bauk, a cross beam; *Bauk-*
 en', the end of a beam
 Bauld, bold; *Baldly*, bold-
 ly
 Bawf'nt

Bawf'nt, having a white
stripe down the face
Be, *to let be*, to give over,
to cease

Beastie, *dimin.* of beast

Beet, to add fuel to fire

Befa', to befall

Behint, or behin', behind

Belly-fu', belly full

Belyve, by and by

Ben, into the *spence* or par-
lour

Benlomond, a noted moun-
tain in Dumbartonshire

Beuk, a book

Be't, be it

Bethankit, the grace after
meat,

Bicker, a kind of wooden
dish, a short race

Biel, or bield, shelter

Bien, wealthy, plentiful

Big, to build; *Bigget*, build-
ed

Biggen, building, a house

Bill, a bull

Billie, a brother, a young
fellow

Bing, a heap of grain, po-
tatoes, &c.

Birkie, a clever fellow

Birring, the noise of par-
tridges, &c. when they
spring

Bit, crisis, nick of time

Bizz, a bustle, to buzz

Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf,
a term of contempt,

Blastit, blasted

Blate, bashful, sheepish

Blather, bladder

Blaud, a flat piece of any
thing; to slap

Blaw, to blow, boast

Bleatin, bleating

Bleezing, blazing

Blessin, blessing

Blether, to talk idly; non-
sense

Bleth'ren, talking idly

Blink, a little while, a smil-
ing look; to look kindly,
to shine by fits

Blinker, a term of contempt

Blinkin, smirking

Blue gown, one of those
beggars who get annual-
ly, on the King's birth-
day, a blue cloak or
gown with a badge

Bluid, blood; *Bluidy*, bloody

Blusht, did blush

Blype, a shred, a large
piece

Bock, to vomit, to gush in-
termittently

Bocked, gushed, vomited

Bodle, a small old coin

Bonnie, or bonny, hand-
some, beautiful

Bonnilie,

- Bonnilie, handsomely, beautifully
 Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread
 Boord, a board
 Boortree, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
 Boost, behoved, must needs
 Botch, an angry tumor
 Bother, to pother
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bow t, bended, crooked
 Brachens, fern
 Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill
 Braid, broad
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braindge, to run rashly forward
 Braindgt, reeled forward
 Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.
 Brak, broke, made insolvent
 Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brats, coarse cloaths, rags
 Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
 Brawnie, stout, brawny
 Breakin, breaking
 Breastie, dimin. of breast
 Breastit, did spring up or forward
 Breathin, breathing
 Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell
 Breeks, breeches
 Brewin, brewing
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brig, a bridge
 Brinstane, brimstone
 Brisket, the breast, the bosom
 Brither, a brother
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Broose, a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house, on returning from church
 Brough, a burgh
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
 Brunt, did burn
 Brust, to burst
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
 Buirdly, stout-made, broad-built
 Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings
 Bummin, humming as bees
 Bummilin, to blunder
 Bummler, a blunderer
 Bure,

- Bure, did bear
 Burn, water, a rivulet
 Burnewin, *i. e.* burn, the
 wind, a blacksmith
 Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
 Buskit, dressed
 Bussle, a bustle; to bustle
 But, without
 But an' ben, the country
 kitchen and parlour
 By himself, lunatic, distract-
 ed
 Byre, a cow-stable

C
CA', to call, to name, to
 drive
 Cadger, a carrier
 Cadie, or caddie, a person,
 a young fellow
 Caff, chaff
 Caird, a tinker
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure
 for calves
 Gallan, a boy
 Caller, fresh, sound
 Cam, did come
 Canna, cannot
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dex-
 trous
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently
 Cantharidian, made of can-
 tharides
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell
 Cantie, or canty, chearful,
 merry
 Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-
 stone
 Careerin, chearfully
 Caressin, carressing
 Carline, a stout old woman
 Carryin, carrying
 Cartes, cards
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven,
 calved
 Caup, a wooden drinking
 vessel
 Cauld, cold
 Chanter, a part of a bag-
 pipe
 Chantin, chanting
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a
 blow
 Chearfu', chearful
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
 Cheekit, checked
 Chiel, or cheel, a young
 fellow
 Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-
 grate
 Chimla-lug, the fire side
 Chittering, shivering, trem-
 bling
 Chockin, choking
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for*
 chow, side by side
 Chuffie,

- Chuffie, fat-faced
 Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet
 Claife or claes, cloaths
 Claith, cloth, *claitbing*, cloathing
 Clap, clapper of a mill
 Clarket, wrote
 Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day
 Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story
 Claut, to clean, to scrape
 Clauted, scraped
 Claw, to scratch
 Cleed, to clothe
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking
 Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell
 Clips, sheers
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle
 Clockin, hatching
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
 Clootie, an old name for the devil
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
 Coaxin, wheedling
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, *dimin.* of cog
 COILA, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, faith tradition, from
 Coil or Coilus, a Pictish monarch
 Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs
 Comin, coming
 Commaun, command
 Cood, the cud
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits
 Coost, did cast
 Cootie, wooden kitchen dish, *also those fowls, whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie*
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Corn't, fed with oats
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-bouse* or cottage
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cove, a cave
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cowrin, cowering
 Cowte, a colt
 Cozie, snug; *cozily*, snugly
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
 Crack, conversation; to converse
 Crackin,

Crackin, conversing
 Craft or croft, a field near a
 house, *in old husbandry*
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-
 jingle, rhymes, doggrel
 verses
 Crank, the noise of an un-
 greased wheel
 Crankous, fretful, *captious*
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost
 Crap, a crop, to top
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a
 rook
 Creel, a basket; *to have one's*
wit in a creel, to be craz'd,
 to be fascinated
 Creepin, creeping
 Creechie, greefy
 Cronie, crony, an old ac-
 quaintance
 Crood or croud, to coo as a
 dove
 Croon, a hollow continued
 moan; to make a noise
 like the continued roar
 of a bull, to hum a tune
 Crooning, humming
 Crouchie, crook backed
 Crouse, chearfully, courage-
 ous
 Croussly, chearfully, courage-
 ously
 Crowdietime, breakfast-
 time
 Crowlin, crawling
 Crump, hard and brittle,
spoken of bread

Crunt, a blow on the head
 with a cudgel
 Crushin, crushing, crusht,
 crushed
 Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny
 Cummock, a short staff with
 a crooked head
 Curchie, a courtesy
 Curler, a player at ice
 Curlie, curled, whose hair
 falls naturally in ring-
 lets
 Curling, a well known game
 on ice
 Curmurring, murmuring, a
 slight rumbling noise
 Curpin, the crupper
 Cushat, the dove or wood
 pigeon

D

DADDIE, a father
 Daffin, merriment,
 foolishness
 Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
 Daimen, rare, now and
 then; *daimen-icker*, an ear
 of corn now an then
 Dainty, pleasant, good hu-
 moured, agreeable
 Dancin, dancing
 Dappl't, dappled
 Darklins, darkling
 Daud, to thrash; to abuse

Daur,

Daur, to dare, <i>daur's</i> , dared	Doucely, soberly, prudent
Daurg, or daurk, a day's labour	ly
Dawd, a large piece	Dought, was or were able
Dawtit, or dawtit, fondled, carressed	Doure, stout, durable, stubborn, sullen
Dearies, <i>dimin.</i> of dears	Dow, am or are able, to can
Dearthfu', dear	Dowff, pithless, wanting force
Deave, to deafen	Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c.
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!	Downa, am or are not able, cannot
Deleeret, delicious	Drap, a drop; to drop
Delvin, delving	Dropping, dropping
Describe, to describe	Dreadfu', dreadful
Deservin, deserving	Dreep, to ooze, to drop
Devle, a stunning blow	Dreeping, oozing, dropping
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff	Dribble, drizzling, slaver
Dimpl't, dimpled	Drift, a drove
Ding, to worst, to push	Drinkin, drinking
Dinna, not	Droddum, the breech
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain	Droop ruinpl't, that droops at the crupper
Disrespecket, disrespected	Drouth, thirst, drought
Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen	Drucken, drunken
Dizzie, dizzy, giddy	Drumbly, muddy
Doited, stupified, hebetated	Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
Dolefn', doleful	Drunt, pet, sour humour
Dolt, stupified, crazed	Dryin, drying
Donfie, unlucky	Dub, a small pond
Dool, sorrow, to <i>sing dool</i> , to lament, to mourn	Duddie, ragged
Dorty, saucy, nice	Duds, rags, clothes
Douce or douce, sober, wise, prudent	Dung, worsted, pushed, driven
	Dulh,

Dush, to push as a ram, &c. Fash, trouble, care ; to
 Dush't, pushed by a ram, trouble, to care for
 ox, &c. Fash't, troubled

Fasteren-een, Fastens Even
 Fathrals, ribbon ends, &c.

Fauld, a fold ; to fold
 Faulding, folding

Faut, fault
 Fawfont, decent, seemly

Fearfu', frightful
 Fear't, frighted

Feat, neat, spruce
 Fecht, to fight ; *fechtin*,
 fighting

Feckfu', large, brany, stout
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly

Feg, a fig
 Feide, feud, enmity

Fell, keen, biting the flesh
 immediately under the

skin ; a field pretty level
 on the side or top of a

hill
 Fend, to live comfortably

Ferlie or ferly, to wonder ;
 a wonder, a term of con-

tempt
 Fetch, to pull by fits

Fetch't, pulled intermit-

tently

Fidge, to fidget

Fidgin, fidgeting

Fient, fiend, a petty oath

Fier, sound, healthy ; a bro-

ther, a friend

File,

Fareweel, farewell

Farl, a cake of bread

Fairin, a fairing, a present

Faithfu', faithful

Fallow, fellow

Fand, did find

Fareweel, farewell

Farl, a cake of bread

File,

Fareweel, farewell

Farl, a cake of bread

File,

Fareweel, farewell

Farl, a cake of bread

File,

Fareweel, farewell

Farl, a cake of bread

File,

Fareweel, farewell

Farl, a cake of bread

File,

Fareweel, farewell

Farl, a cake of bread

File,

- Fille, to make a rustling
 noise, to fidget; a buffle
 Fit, a foot
 Fittie-lan', the rear horse of
 the hindmost pair in the
 plough
 Fizz, to make a hissing
 noise like fermentation
 Flainen, flannel
 Flatterin', flattering
 Fleech, to supplicate in a
 flattering manner
 Fleechin, supplicating
 Fleeesh, a fleece
 Fleg, a kick, a random
 blow
 Flether, to decoy by fair
 words
 Fletherin, flattering
 Fley, to scare, to frighten
 Fley'd, frightened, scared
 Flichter, to flutter *as young
 nestlings when their dam
 approaches*
 Flichterin, fluttering
 Flinders, sherds, broken
 pieces
 Flingin-tree, a piece of tim-
 ber hung by way of par-
 tition between two horses
 in a stable, a flail
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke
 Fliskit, fretted
 Flitter, to vibrate like the
 wings of small birds
 Flittering, fluttering, vibra-
 ting
 Flunkie, a servant in livery
 Flyin, flying
 Foamin, foaming
 Foord, a ford
 Forbears, forefathers
 Forbye, besides
 Forfain, distressed, worn
 out, jaded
 Forgether, to meet, to en-
 counter with
 Forgie, to forgive
 Forjesket, jaded with fa-
 tigue
 Formin, forming
 Fou', full, drunk
 Foughten, troubled, har-
 rassed
 Fow, a bushel, &c.
 Frae, from
 Freath, froath
 Frien', friend
 Fu', full
 Fud, the scut of the hare,
 coney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittent-
 ly
 Fuff't, did blow
 Funnie, full of merriment
 Fur, a furrow
 Furm, a form, bench
 Fyfeen, fifteen
 Fyke; trifling cares; to
 piddle, to be in a fufs a-
 bout trifles
 Fyle,

Fyle, to soil, to dirty
Fyl't, foiled, dirtied

G

GAB, the mouth; to
speak boldly or pert-
ly

Gae, to go, *gaed*, went, *gaen*
or *gane*, gone, *gaun*, go-
ing

Gaet or gate, way, manner,
road

Gang, to go, to walk

Gar, to make, to force to

Gar't, forced to

Garten, a garter

Galb, wife, sagacious, tal-
kative; to converse

Galhin, conversing

Gatherin, gathering

Gaucy, jolly, large

Gear, riches, goods of any
kind

Geck, to toss the head in
wantonness or scorn

Ged, a pike

Gentles, great folks

Geordie, a guinea

Get, a child, a young one

Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave,
Gi'en, given

Giftie, *dimin.* of gift

Gillie, *dimin.* of gill

Gimmer, a ewe from one
to two years old

Gin, if, against

Gipse, a young girl

Girn, to grin, to twist the
features in rage, agony,
&c.

Girning, grinning

Gizz, a periwig

Ghaist, a ghost

Glaikit, inattentive, foolish

Glaizie, glittering, smooth,
like a glass

Gleg, sharp, ready

Gley, a squint; to squint,
Agley, off at a side,
wrong

Glib-gabbet, that speaks
smoothly and readily

Glint, to peep; *Glinted*,
peeped; *Glintin*, peep-
ing

Gloamin, the twilight

Glowr, to stare, to look; a
stare, a look

Glowr'd, looked, stared

Glowring, staring

Glunch, a frown; to frown

Gowan, the flower of the
daisy, dandelion, hawk-
weed, &c.

Gowd, gold

Gowff, the game of golf;
to strike as the bat does
the ball at golf

Gowff'd, struck

Gowk,

- Gowl**, a cuckoo, a term of contempt
Gowl, to howl
Gowling, howling
Graceful, graceful
Grain'd, groaned
Graining, groaning
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress
Grane or **grain**, a groan ; to groan
Grannie, a grandmother
Grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped
Great, intimate, familiar
Greatful, grateful
Gree, to agree, to *hear the gree*, to be decidedly victor
Greet, to shed tears, to weep
Greetin, crying, weeping
Gree't, agreed
Grievin, grieving
Grippet, caught, seized
Gristle, gristle
Grout, *eo, git the whistle of one's goat*, to play a losing game
Grousome, loathsomely, grim
Grozet, a gooseberry
Grumph, a grunt ; to grunt
Grumphy, a fow
- Grun'**, ground
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise
Grunstane, a grindstone
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth
Gude, the SUPREME BEING ; good
Guid, good ; *Guid mornin*, good morrow ; *Guid een*, good evening
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law and mother-in-law
Guidman and *Guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house ; *Young Guidman*, a man newly married
Gully or *gullie*, a large knife
Gumlie, muddy
Gusty, tasteful
- HA'**, hall
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall
Hae, to have
Haet, *sient haet*, a petty oath of negation, nothing
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head
Hafflins, nearly half, partly Hag,

- Hag, a scar or gulf, in moor-
 fes and moors
 Haggis, a kind of pudding
 boiled in the stomach of
 a cow or sheep
 Hain, to spare, to save,
hain'd, spared
 Hairst, harvest
 Haith, a petty oath
 Hal' or hald, an abiding
 place
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy
 Hallan, a particular parti-
 tion wall in a cottage
 Hame, home, *Hameward*,
 homeward
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han' or haun', hand
 Hap, an outer garment,
 mantle, plaid, &c. to
 wrap, to cover, to hap
 Happing, hopping
 Hap-step-an-lowp, hop, skip,
 and leap
 Happer, a hopper
 Harkit, harkened
 Hash, a sot
 Hastit, hastened
 Haud, to bold
 Haughs, low-lying, rich
 lands, valleys
 Hauch, to drag, to peel
 Haurlin, peeling
 Haverel, a half-witted per-
 son; half witted
 Havins, good manners, de-
 corum, good sense
 Hawkie, a cow, *properly one*
with a white face
 Healsome, healthful, whole-
 some
 Hean, had, *the participle*
 Heapit, heaped
 Hearse, hoarse
 Hear't, hear it
 Heather, heath
 Hech! Oh! strange
 Hecht, to foretel something
 that is to be got or gi-
 ven; foretold; the thing
 foretold
 Hceze, to elevate, to raise
 Helim, the rudder or helm
 Herd, to tend flocks; one
 who tends flocks
 Hersel, herself
 Herrin, a herring
 Herry, to plunder, *most pro-*
perly to plunder birds nests
 Herryment, plundering, de-
 vastation
 Het, hot
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt
 Hilchin, halting
 Himself, himself
 Hing, to hang
 Hirple, to walk crazily, to
 creep, *Hirplin*, creeping
 Hissel, so many cattle as one
 person can attend
 Histie,

Hiftie, dry, chapt, barren
 Hitch, a loop, a knot
 Hizzie, huffy, a young girl
 Hoddin, the motion of a
 sage country man riding
 on a cart horfe
 Hog-score, a kind of dif-
 tance line, in curling,
 drawn acrofs the *rink*
 Hog-shoulder, a kind of
 horfe play by juftling
 with the shoulder; to
 juftle
 Hool, outer fkin or cafe
 Hoolie, slowly, leifurely;
 Hoolie! take leifure!
 ftop!
 Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
 Hoordet, hoarded
 Horn, a fpoon made of
 horn
 Hornie, one of the many
 names of the devil
 Hoft, to cough; *Hoftin*,
 coughing
 Houghmagandie, fornica-
 tion
 Houfie, *dimin.* of houfe
 Hove, to heave, fwell
 Hov'd, heaved, fwelled
 Howdie, a midwife
 Howe, hollow; a hollow,
 or dell
 Howe-backit, funk in the
 back, *spoken of a horfe*,
 &c.

Howk, to dig; *Howkit*, dig-
 ged, *Howkin*, digging
 Hoy, to urge; *Hoy't*, urged
 Hoyfe, a pull upwards
 Hoyte, to amble crazily
 Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh
 Hurdies, the loins, the crup-
 per

I

I, In
 Icker, an ear of corn
 Ier-oe, a great grandchild
 Ilk or ilka, each, every,
 Ill-willie, ill-natured, mali-
 cious, niggardly
 Indentin, indenting
 Ingine, genius, ingenuity
 Ingle, fire, fire place
 I'fe, I fhall or will
 Ither, other, one another

J

JAD, jade; also a fa-
 miliar term among
 country folks for a giddy
 young girl
 Jauk, to dally, to trifle
 Jaukin, trifling, dallying
 Jaw, coarfe raillery; to pour
 out, to fput, to jerk *as*
 water
 Jaup, a jerk of water; to
 jerk as agitated water
 Jillet,

Jiliet, a jilt, a giddy girl
 Jimp, to jump; slender in
 the waist, handsome
 Jinglin, jingling
 Jink, to dodge, to turn a
 corner; a sudden turning
 a corner
 Jinker, that turns quickly,
 a gay sprightly girl, a
 wag
 Jinkin, dodging
 Jirt, a jerk
 Josteleg, a kind of knife
 Jokin, joking
 Jouk, to stoop, to bow the
 head
 Jow, *to jow*, a verb which
 includes both the swing-
 ing motion and pealing
 sound of a large bell
 Joyfu', joyful
 Jumpin, jumping
 Jumpit, did jump
 Jundie, to juggle

K

K AE, a daw
 Kail, colewort, a kind
 of broth
 Kail-runt, the stem of the
 colewort
 Kain, fowls, &c. paid as
 rent by a farmer
 Kebbuck, a cheese
 Keek, a peep; to peep

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Keepit, kept
 Kelpies, a sort of mischie-
 vious spirits, said to haunt
 fords and ferries at night,
 especially in storms
 Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't*,
 knew
 Kennin, a small matter
 Ket, a matted, hairy fleece
 of wool
 Kiaugh, carking anxiety
 Kilt, to truss up the clothes
 Kimmer, a young girl, a
 gossip
 Kin, kindred
 Kin', kind
 King's hood, a certain part
 of the entrails of an ox,
 &c.
 Kirn, the harvest supper, a
 churn; to churn
 Kirsen, to christen
 Kist, chest, a shop counter
 Kitchen, any thing that eats
 with bread; to serve for
 soup, gravy, &c.
 Kittle, to tickle; ticklish,
 likely
 Kittlin, a young cat
 Kiutlin, cuddling
 Kiuttle, to cuddle
 Kitaggie, like *knags* or
 points of rocks
 Knappin hammer, a ham-
 mer for breaking stones
 Knowe, a small round hil-
 lock

S

Kye,

Kye, cows
 KYLE, a district of Ayr-
 shire
 Kyte, the belly
 Kythe, to discover, to show
 one's self

L

LADDIE, *dimin.* of lad
 Laggen, the angle be-
 tween the side and bot-
 tom of a wooden dish
 Laigh, low
 Lairing, wading, and sink-
 ing in snow, mud, &c.
 Laith, loath
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish
 Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
 Lampit, a kind of shell-fish
 Lan, land, estate
 Lane, lone, *my lane, thy lane,*
 &c. myself alone, &c.
 thyself alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely
 Lang, long, *to think lang,*
 to long, to weary
 Lap, did leap
 Lapfu', lapful
 Laughin, laughing
 Lave, the rest, the remain-
 der, the others
 Laverock, the lark
 Lawfu', lawful
 Lawlan, Lowland; *Lallans,*
 Scottish dialect

Lea'e, to leave
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful
 Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-
 ing
 Lee-lang, live long
 Leeze me, a phrase of con-
 gratulatory endearment.
 Leister, a three pronged
 dart for striking fish
 Leugh, did laugh
 Leuk, a look, to look
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer
 at
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to
 sing
 Limp't, limp'd, hobbeled
 Limmer, a kept mistress; a
 strumpet
 Link, to trip along
 Linkin, tripping
 Linn, a waterfall
 Lint, flax, *lint ? the bell,*
 flax in flower
 Lintwhite, a linnet
 Livin, living
 Loan, the place of milking
 Loof, the palm of the hand
 Looves, *plural of loof*
 Loot, did let
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuf-
 fin, a woman of easy vir-
 tue
 Lowe, a flame
 Lowin, flaming
 Lowse, to loose
 Lowf'd, loosed

Lowrie,

Lōwrie, *abbreviation of Lawrence*

Lug, the ear, a handle

Lugget, having a handle

Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle

Lum, the chimney

Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke

Luntin, smoking

Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

M

MAE, more

Mak, to make; *making*, making

Mair, more

Maist, most, almost

Maistly, mostly

Mallie, Molly

'Mang, among

Mantele, a mantle

Mark, marks, *this and several other nouns, which, in English, require an s to form the plural, are in Scots like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers*

Mar's year, the Rebellion

A. D. 1715

Mashlum, messin, mixed corn

Mask, to mash, *as malt*, &c.

Maskin-pat, a tea-pot

Maun, must

Maukin, a hare

Mavis, the thrush

Maw, to mow; *mawin*, mowing

Meere, a mare

Melancholious, mournful

Mell, to meddle

Melvie, to soil with meal

Men', to amend

Mense, good manners, decorum

Menseless, ill-bred; rude, impudent

Messin, a small dog

Middin, a dunghill

Middin-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill

Mim, prim, affectedly, meek

Min', mind, remembrance

Mindfu', mindful

Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending

Minnie, mother, dam

Misca', to abuse, to call names

Misca'd, abused

Milleard, mischievous, unmannerly

Misteuk, mistook

S 2

Mither,

Mither, a mother
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly
 mixed
 Moistify, to moisten
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep
 Moorlan, of or belonging
 to moors
 Mony, or monie, many
 Morn, the next day, to-mor-
 row
 Mottie, full of motes
 Mou, the mouth
 Moudiewort, a mole
 Mournfu', mournful
 Mousie, *dimin.* of mouse
 Musie, *dimin.* of muse
 Mussin-kail, broth composed
 simply of water, shelled
 barley and greens
 Mutchkin, an English pint
 Myfel, myself

N

NA, no, not, nor
 Nae, no, not, any
 Naething, or naithing, no-
 thing
 Naig, a horse
 Nane, none
 Neebor, a neighbour
 Needfu', needful
 Negleckit, neglected
 Neuk, nook
 Niest, next,

Nieve, the fist
 Nieveful, handful
 Niger, a negroe
 Niffer, an exchange; to ex-
 change, to barter
 Nine-tailed cat, a hang-
 man's whip
 Nit, a nut
 Norland, of or belonging to
 the North
 Nor-west, North-west
 Notic't, noticed
 Nowte, black cattle

O

O, of
 Observin, observing
 Ony, or onie, any
 Or, *is often used for ere, be-*
 fore
 O't, of it
 Ourie, shivering, drooping
 Oursel, or oursels, ourselves
 Outler, not housed
 Owre, over, too
 Owre-hip, a way of fetch-
 ing a blow with a ham-
 mer over the arm

P

PACK, intimate, fami-
 liar; twelve stones of
 wool

Painch,

- Painch, paunch
 Paitrick, a partridge
 Pang, to cram
 Parritch, oatmeal pudding,
 a well known Scotch dish
 Pat, did put; a pot
 Pattie, or pettie, a plough-
 staff
 Paukie, cunning, fly
 Paughty, proud, haughty
 Pay't, paid, beat
 Pech, to fetch the breath
 short, *as in an asthma*
 Pechan, the crop, the sto-
 mach
 Peelin, peeling
 Pensivelie, pensively
 Pettie, to cherish; a plough-
 staff
 Pet, a domesticated sheep,
 &c.
 Phraife, fair speeches, flat-
 tery; to flatter
 Phraisin, flattery
 Pickle, a small quantity
 Pine, pain, uneasiness
 Pit, to put
 Placad, a public proclama-
 tion
 Plack, an old Scotch coin
 Plackless, pennyless
 Platie, *dimin.* of plate
 Plew or pleugh, a plow
 Pliskie, a trick
 Plumpit, did plump
 Poortith, poverty
 Pou, to pull
 Pouk, to pluck
 Pouffie, a hare or cat
 Pou't, did pull
 Pout, a poult, a chicken
 Pouthery, like powder
 Pow, the head, the skull
 Pownie, a little horse
 Powther or pouter, pow-
 der
 Prayin, praying
 Preen, a pin
 Prent, printing
 Pridefu', proud, saucy
 Prie, to taste
 Prie'd, tasted
 Prief, proof
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
 Priggin, cheapening
 Primie, demure, precise
 Propone, to lay down, to
 propose
 Proveles, provosts
 Pryin, prying
 Puddin, pudding
 Pund, pound, pounds
 Pyle, *a pyle o' caff*, a single
 grain of chaff
 Q
 Q UAK, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quat, to quit
 S 3
 Quey,

Quey, a cow from one year
to two years old

R

RAGWEED, the plant
ragwort

Raible, to rattle nonsense

Rair, to roar; *rair't*, roar-
ed; *rairing*, roaring

Raize, to madden, to in-
flame

Ramblin, rambling

Ram-fee'z'l'd, fatigued, over-
spread

Ram-flam, forward, thought-
less

Rantin, ranting

Rarely, excellent, very well

Rash, a rush; *rash bush*, a
bush of rushes

Rattlin, rattling

Ratton, a rat

Raucle, rash, stout, fearless

Raught, reached

Raw, a row

Rax, to stretch

Ream, cream

Receivin, receiving

Reck, to heed

Rede, counsel, to counsel

Red-wud, stark-mad

Ree, half-drunk, fuddled

Reek, smoke; to smoke;
reekin, smoking; *reekit*,
smoked, smoky

Refus't, refused

Remarkin, remarking

Remead, remedy

Requite, requitted

Rest, to stand restive

Restit, stood restive, stunt-
ed, withered

Restricked, restricted

Rhyming, rhyming

Ridin, riding

Rig, a ridge

Rin, to run, to melt; *runin*,
running

Rink, the course of the
stones, *a term in curling*

Rip, a handful of unthreshed
corn, &c.

Riskit, made a noise like the
tearing of roots

Roamin, roaming

Rood *stands likewise for the*
plural roods

Roon, a shred

Roose, to praise, to com-
mend

Roun', round, in the circle
of neighbourhood

Rouppet, hoarse *as with a*
cold

Row, to roll, to wrap

Row't, rolled, wrapped

Rowte, to low, to bellow

Rowth, plenty

Rowtin, lowing

Rozet, rosin

Rung, a cudgel

Runkl'd, wrinkled

Runt,

Runt, the stem of colewort
or cabbage
Rustlin, rustling

S

SAE, so
Saft, soft
Sair, to serve, a fore
Sairly or fairlie, forely
Sair't, served
Sang, a song
Sark, a shirt
Sarkit, provided in shirts
Saugh, the willow
Saul, soul
Saumont, salmon
Saunt, a saint
Saut, salt; *sauted*, salted
Saw, to sow
Sawin, fowing
Sax, six
Scar, to scare
Scaud, to scald
Scauld, to scold; *scaulding*,
scolding
Scaur, apt to be scared
Scawl, a scold
Scone, a kind of bread
Sconner, a lothing; to lothe
Scornfu', scornful
Sraich, to scream *as a hen*,
partridge, &c.
Sraichin, screaming
Screechin, screeching

Screed, to tear; a rent
Scrieve, to glide swiftly a-
long
Scrievin, gleesomely, swift-
ly
Scrimp, to scant; *scrimpet*,
did scant, scanty
See'd did see
Seizin, seizing
Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's
self alone
Sell't, did sell
Sen', to send; *sen't*, send it
Servan', servant
Sets, *sets off*, goes away
Settlin, settling; *to get a*
settlin, to be frightened in-
to quietness
Shaird, a shred, a shard
Shangan, a stick cleft at one
end for putting the tail
of a dog, &c. into, by
way of mischief, or to
frighten him away
Shaver, a humorous wag,
a barber
Shaw, to show; a small
wood in a hollow place
Sheen, bright, shining
Sheep shank, *to think one's*
self nae sheep shank, to be
conceited
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor,
the famous battle fought in
the Rebellion, A. D. 1715
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
Shill,

Shill, shrill	Sklent, ran or hit in an
Shog, a shock	oblique direction
Shool, a shovel	Sklent, slanting
Shoon, shoes	Skreigh, a scream; to
Shootin, shooting	scream
Shore, to offer, to threaten	Slade, did slide
Sher'd, offered	Slae, floe
Shouther, the shoulder	Slap, a gate, a breach in a
Sic, such	fence
Sicker, sure, steady	Slaw, slow
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting	Slee, fly; <i>sleeft</i> , flyest
Siller, silver, money	Sleekit, sleek
Simmer, summer	Sliddery, slippery
Sin, a son	Slype, to fall over, <i>as a wet</i>
Sin', since	<i>furrow from the plough</i>
Sinfa', sinful	Slypet, fell
Sinkin, sinking	Sma', small
Sittin, sitting	Smeddum, dust, powder;
Skaith, to damage, to in-	mettle, sense
jure, injury	Smiddy, smithy
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to	Smoor, to smother; <i>smoor'd</i>
walk with a smart trip-	smothered
ping step; a smart stroke	Smoutie, smutty, obscene,
Skelpin, stappin, walking	ugly
smartly	Smytrie, a numerous collec-
Skelpi-limmer, a technical	tion of small individuals
term in female scolding	Snash, abuse, Billingsgate
Skiegh, proud, nice, high-	Snaw, snow; to snow
mettled	Snaw-broo, melted snow
Skirkling, shrieking, crying	Snawie, snowie
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shril-	Sned, to lop, to cut off
ly	Sneeshin, snuff; <i>sneeshin</i>
Skirling, shrieked	mill, snuff-box
Skirl't, shrieked	Snell, bitter, biting
Sklent, slant; to run slant,	Snick, drawing, trick-con-
to deviate from truth	triving
	Snick,

- Snick, the latchet of a door
 Snool, one whose spirit is
 broken with oppressive
 slavery; to submit tame-
 ly, to sneak
 Snoove, to go smoothly and
 constantly, to sneak
 Snoov't, went smoothly
 Snowk, to scent or snuff, *as*
 a dog, horse, &c.
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed
 Sobbin, sobbing
 Sonfie, having sweet, enga-
 ging looks; lucky, jolly
 Soom, to swim
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath
 Souple, flexible, swift
 Souter, a shoemaker
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small
 quantity of any thing li-
 quid
 Sowth, to try over a tune,
 with a low whistle
 Sowther, folder; to folder,
 to cement
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Spairge, to dash, to soil *as*
 with mire
 Spak, did speak
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaul, a limb
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Speakin, speaking
 Speat, a sweeping torrent,
 after rain or thaw
 Speel, climb
 Spence, the country parlour
 Spier, to ask, to enquire
 Spier't, enquired
 Spitefu', spiteful
 Splatter, a splutter; to sput-
 ter
 Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a
 noise
 Sportin, sporting
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
 Spring, a quick air in mu-
 sic, a Scottish reel
 Springin, springing
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant
 something like rushes
 Sprittie, full of sprits
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery;
 will-o'-wisp, or *ignis fa-*
 tuus
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squatter, to flutter in water,
 as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Squeel, a scream, a screech;
 to scream
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay,
 &c.
 Staggy, *dimin.* of stag
 Stampin, stamping
 Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did
 stand
 Stane, a stone
 Stank,

- Stank, a pool of standing water
 Stap, stop
 Stark, stout
 Startin, starting
 Startle, to run as *cattle stung by the gadfly*
 Starvin, starving
 Staumrel, halfwitted
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming
 Steek, to shut; a stitch
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stell, a still
 Sten, to rear as a horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
 Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest
 Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead
 Stick an' stow, totally, altogether
 Silt, a crutch; to halt, to limp
 Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
 Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
 Stockin, stocking
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse
 Stot, an ox
 Stoup or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle
 Stoure, dust, *more particularly* dust in motion
 Stowlins, by stealth
 Stown, stolen
 Strack, did strike
 Strae, straw; *to die a fair-strae death*, to die in bed
 Straik, to stroke; *straikit*, stroked
 Strappan, tall and handsome
 Straught, straight
 Streek, stretched, to stretch; *streckit*, stretched
 Strewin, strewing
 Striddle, to straddle
 Stringin, stringing
 Stroan, to spout, to piss
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed
 Strunt, spiritous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily
 Studdie, an anvil
 Stuff, corn, or pulse of any kind
 Stumpie, *dimin.* of stump
 Sturt, trouble; to molest
 Sturtin, frightened
 Sucker, sugar
 Sud, should

Sugh,

Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water

Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation

Swaird, sword

Swall'd, swelled

Swank, stately, jolly

Swankie or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl

Swap, an exchange ; to barter

Swat, did sweat

Swatch, a sample

Sweaten, sweating

Sweer, lazy, averse ; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse

Swervin, swerving

Swinge, to beat, to whip

Swingein, beaten, whipping

Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots

Swith ! get away

Swither, to hesitate in choice ; an irresolute wavering in choice

Swoor, swore, did swear

Syne, since ago, then

T

TAE, a toe ; *three tai'd*, having three prongs

Tak, to take ; *takin*, taking

Talkin, talking

Tangle, a sea weed

Tap, the top

Tapetless, headless, foolish

Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance

Tarrow't, murmured

Tarry-breeks, a sailor

Tauld, or tald, told

Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person

Tauted, or tautie, matted together, *spoken of hair or wool*

Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, *spoken of a horse, tow, &c.*

Tearfu', tearful

Teat, a small quantity

Ten hours bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon

Tent, a field pulpit, head, caution ; to take heed

Tentie, heedful, cautious

Tentless, heedless

Tough, tough ; *toughly*, toughly

Thack, thatch ; *thack an' rape*, clothing, necessities

Thaa,

- Thae, these
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
 strings
 Thankfu', thankful
 Thankit, thanked
 Thegither, together
 Themsel, themselves
 Thick, intimate, familiar
 Thieveless, cold, dry, spited;
*spoken of a person's de-
 meanour*
 Thinkin, thinking
 Thir, these
 Thirl, to thrill
 Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thowe, a thaw, to thaw
 Thowless, slack, lazy
 Thrang, throng, a crowd
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist,
 to contradict
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted
contradicted
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Threap, to maintain by dint
 of assertion
 Threshin, thrashing
 Threteen, thirteen
 Thristle, thistle
 Through, to go on with, to
 make out
 Throuther, pell-mell, con-
 fusedly
 Thud, to make a loud, in-
 termittent, noise
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thyfel, thyself
 Till't, to it
 Timmer, timber; *timber*,
propt, propped with tim-
 ber
 Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tip, a ram
 Tippence, two pence
 Tirl, to make a slight noise,
 to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering
 Tither, the other
 Tittle, to whisper
 Tittlin, whispering
 Tocher, marriage-portion
 Tod, a fox
 Toddle, to totter like the
 walk of a child
 Toddlin, tottering
 Toom, empty
 Toop, a ram
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-
 house
 Tout, the blast of a horn or
 trumpet; to blow a horn,
 &c.
 Tow, a rop
 Towmond, a twelvemonth
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toy, a very old fashion of
 female head dress
 Toyte, to totter like old age
 Transmugrify'd, transmi-
 grated, metamorphosed
 Trashtrie,

Trahtrie, trash
 Trickie, full of tricks
 Trig, spruce, neat
 Trimly, excellently
 Trottin, trotting
 Trow, to believe
 Trowth, truth, a petty oath
 Tryin, trying
 Try't, tryed
 Tug, raw hide, *of which, in
 old times, plough traces
 were frequently made*
 Tulzie, a quarrel; to quar-
 rel, to fight
 Tunefu', tuneful
 Twa, two
 Twa-three, a few
 'Twad, it would
 Twal, twelve; *Twalpennie-
 worth, a small quantity,
 a penny-worth*
 Twin, to part
 Tyke, a dog

U

U N C O, strange, un-
 couth, very, very
 great, prodigious
 Uncos, news
 Uncaring, disregarding
 Undoin, undoing
 Unkenn'd, unknown

Unskaith'd, undamaged, un-
 hurt
 Upo', upon

V

V A P'RIN, vapouring
 Vera, very
 Viri, a ring round a column,
 &c.

W

W A', wall; *Wa's, walls*
 Wabster, a weaver
 Wad, would; to bet; a bet,
 a pledge
 Wadna, would not
 Waeful, woeful
 Waefucks! or waes me!
 alas! O the pity
 Waft, the woof
 Waifu', wailing
 Wair, to lay out, to expend
 Wal'd, chose, chosen
 Wale, choice; to chuse
 Walie, ample, large, jolly;
 also an interjection of dis-
 tress
 Wame, the belly; *wamefou*
 a bellyfull
 Wanchancie, unlucky
 Wanerestfu',

- Wanerestfu', restless
 Wark, work
 Wark-lume, a tool to work
 with
 Warl, or warld, world
 Warlock, a wizzard
 Warly, worldly, eager on
 amassing wealth
 Warran, a warrant; to war-
 rant
 Warst, worst
 Warstl'd or warl'd, wrestled
 Wastrie, prodigality
 Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I
 know
 Water-brose, *brose* made of
 meal and water simply,
 without the additions of
 milk, butter, &c.
 Wattle, a twig, a wand
 Wauble, to swing, to reel
 Waukin, to awake
 Waukit, thickened, *as ful-*
 lers do cloth
 Waur, worse; to worst
 Waur't, worsted
 Wean or weanie, a child
 Wearie, or weary; *monie a*
 wearie body, many a dif-
 ferent person
 Weason, weasand
 Wee, little; *wee things*,
 little ones; *wee bit*, a small
 matter
 Weel, well; *weelfare*, well-
 fare
 Weet, rain, wetness
 We'se, we shall
 Wha, who
 Whaizle, to wheeze
 Whalpit, whelped
 Whang, a leathern string, a
 piece of cheese, bread, &c.
 to give the strappado
 Whare, where; *whare'er*,
 wherever
 Whase, whose
 Whatreck, nevertheless
 Wheep, to fly nimbly, to
 jerk; *penny wheep*, small
 beer
 Whid, the motion of a hare
 running but not frighted;
 a lie
 Whiddin, running as a hare
 or coney
 Whirlygigums, useless orna-
 ments, trifling appendages
 Whigmeleeries, whims, fan-
 cies, crotchets
 Whisht! silence! *to bold*
 one's whisht, to be silent
 Whisk, to sweep, to lash
 Whiskit, lashed
 Whistle, a whistle, to whistle
 Whitter, a hearty draught
 of liquor
 Whua-stane, a whin-stone
 Whyles, whiles, sometimes
 Wi', with
 Wick, to strike a stone in
 an oblique direction, *a*
 term in curling
 Wiel

Wiel, a small whirlpool
 Wife, *a diminutive or endearing term for wife*
 Wimple, to meander
 Wimpl't, meandered
 Wimplin, waving, meandering
 Win, to wind, to winnow
 Win', wind; *win's*, winds
 Winkin, winking
 Winna, will not
 Winnock, a window
 Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted
 Win't, winded, *as a bottom of yarn*
 Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
 Winze, an oath
 Wifs, to wish
 Withoutten, without
 Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk
 Wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully
 Wønner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
 Woo', wool
 Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
 Wordy, worthy
 Worset, worsted
 Wrack, to tease, to vex
 Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like

a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death
 Wrang, wrong; to wrong
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
 Wud-mad, distracted
 Wumble, a wimble
 Wyliccoat, a flannel vest
 Wyte, blame; to blame

Y

YE, this pronoun is frequently used for *Tbou*
 Yealings, born in the same year, coevals
 Year, *is used for both sing. and plur. years*
 Yearns, small eagles
 Yell, barren, that gives no milk
 Yerk, to lash, to jerk
 Yerkit, jerked, lashed
 Yestreen, yesternight
 Yill, ale
 Yird, earth
 Yokin, yoking, a bout
 Yont, beyond
 Yoursel, yourself
 Youthfu', youthful
 Yowe, a ewe
 Yowie, *dimin. of yowe*
 Yule, Christmas

[illegible][illegible]

[Faint, illegible text from bleed-through]

THE CHURCH

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(Faint, illegible handwritten notes)

What is the
 name of the
 person who
 was the first
 to go to the
 moon?

[illegible]

Went to the bank
to get the money
I had left there
a couple of days
ago. I was
very busy
and had to
leave it for
a while.